

said, "Maybe we can learn from our necks. Maybe just a little bit."

*Re: Re: Spoke with Mother*

John fixed it so they don't come to her anymore ... got by that one, this time, the nurse checked the ulcers, we're okay.

*Sonja Greckol is sure she was taller once. Her mind wanders but her keyboard is tethered in Toronto where she lives, works, mentors, does local activism and research, drinks too much coffee and is generally under slept. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in Literary Review of Canada, The Fiddlehead, Poems from the Feminist Caucus (LCP 2007), Canadian Literature (Fall 2006), Contemporary Verse2 (Summer 2006), The Dalhousie Review (2005)(2003), Matrix (2003) and Atlantis (2002). She is working on a manuscript: The Bead Eye Direct.*

## PATRICIA WATSON

### Life Force

In her hospital bed  
she lay weeping.  
Unable to stop,  
though she knew her tears were inappropriate.

One doesn't mourn one's own death.  
Others do that.

She wanted time to stop.  
To cuddle into the present  
as into a warm cocoon.  
After the operation  
there might be no future.  
Only a time in which to die.

She will tell the doctor  
that if the growth is malignant,  
not to revive her.

Then it occurs to her  
that a runny nose might make breathing  
under anaesthetic difficult.  
So she reaches for a Kleenex,  
and stops crying.

*Patricia Watson is a prize-winning screenwriter and film director. Her credits include works for the NFB, CBC, and TVO as well as independent producers. She is also a successful artist, and the recently published author of My Husband's Wedding, a book of stories.*

## LINDA FRANK

### Morning After

*If I loved a woman, the more I loved her, the more*

*I wanted to hurt her.*

—Diego Rivera

The morning after she finds them together  
Frida stares out an open door  
to the sun-daze of her garden  
All flurry in the trees strangely absent  
All bird song broken

A spider monkey freezes half way up  
a banana tree. High the grass green  
needles of a weeping pine, she sees  
the impassive yellow gaze of a falcon  
the gleam as it eyes a *tangara escarlata*  
on the *cempasúchil*, the almost  
imperceptible flinch before it launches  
all talon, sharp beak, spreading wings

She watches the falcon snatch the tanager  
from the flower of the dead, watches  
the shock of the small bird caught  
powerless in that one moment of pure clarity

The falcon plucks its pray alive, feather by feather  
Blood splatters on the patio stones  
He stares her straight in the eye  
as he tears the fresh meat from the small bones

*Linda Frank grew up in Montreal but has been living in Hamilton, Ontario since 1977. She teaches social science at Mohawk College. Her work has been widely published in journals and anthologies across Canada. Her first collection of poetry called Cobalt Moon Embrace was released in 2002 from BuschekBooks. These poems are from a manuscript seeking a publisher on Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, called Kahlo: The World Split Open.*